

THE ATHENS POST

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, AUG. 30, 1850.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.

The House made no progress yesterday, in the civil and diplomatic bills. There is very little disposition to transact any business. The proceedings of the Committee of the Whole, are frequently interrupted by the want of a quorum. The territorial bills cannot be taken up on Monday. According to present appearances, they are likely to lie on the Speaker's table for a week or two. I have some doubt whether they will pass in their present form, if at all. The Southern members will certainly not vote for the Texas boundary bill, till the bills establishing territorial governments shall pass. Should they do this, it is probable that the Northern members would next pass the California bill, and leave the territories as they are.

But this difficulty can be obviated by combining the territorial bills with the bill for the adjustment of the Texas boundary. I learned yesterday, that several Southern conservative democratic members have determined to propose this course—and among them are Mr. Speaker Cobb and Mr. Linn Boyd. When the Texas bill is taken up, the Speaker can, by arrangement, recognize a member who will move the New Mexico bill as an amendment; and another who will move to amend the amendment by adding the Utah bill. Any intended motion for adding the Wilmot Proviso may be thus cut off. The three bills, thus conjoined, may possibly pass, and go back to the Senate where, if it pass at all, it will be by a very close vote.

It is stated that Massachusetts has increased her population since 1840, by two hundred and fifty thousand, and that all the Eastern States have increased in population. The reason is obvious. Employment became more diversified every year, and labor more divided, and emigration to the grain-growing districts of the West is very much checked.

At the same time, crime has in the same proportion increased. In the annual address of Governor Briggs and of the Mayor of Boston, the "alarming increase of crime" is mentioned, and it is added, that "at the rate with which violence and crime have recently increased, our jails, however capacious, will be scarcely adequate to the necessary requirements of society. The Secretary of the Board of Education says, "what we call civilization and progress have increased temptation a thousand fold—in this country, ten thousand fold;" that, among us, "all that is base and depraved in the human heart has such full liberty, and wide compass, and hot stimulus to action, as have never been known before; that wickedness, not less than virtue has its steam engines and its power presses and its lightning telegraphs;" and he adds that "those external restraints of reverence for authority and dread of religious guides and of penal codes, are now lifted off. It must be seen that the tendency of these things is towards an arbitrary system of government."

Mr. Fillmore transacts business at the White House during the day, and then retires to a private residence on the heights of Georgetown, not being willing to hazard his health by sleeping in the vicinity of malaria.

General Scott has taken the Demmon house as his residence, for the term of the present administration. I am not sure that he does not expect to remove thence into the White House.—Cor. Char. Cour.

We have a devil, says the Albany Knickerbocker, who would make an excellent politician. He is the biggest liar that ever walked, and tells a falsehood with the cheek of an auctioneer.

INFANTICIDE.—The paternity of a newborn infant, found dead in a run at Pittsburgh on Tuesday, has been traced to a young single girl of very respectable family, and she is held under arrest.

THE REGISTER AND THE POST.

The Register of last week has taken our article of the 16th, altered it, and made us to say some very pretty things of ourselves—much prettier perhaps than almost any one else would have ventured upon.—Under the circumstances, we have no doubt it was the very best thing it could do, as the paraphrase contains about as much originality of thought and sentiment as most of the literary effusions that have emanated from the rather extraordinary genius who fathers it. The Register evidently feels the awkwardness of the situation in which it has placed itself in regard to the Road, and is willing to venture into any absurdity to escape the responsibility which it has incurred. We must bring it back to the point. As long as there was any chance to embarrass the operations on the Road it left no opportunity unimproved. But some how or other the work was pushed along in spite of its efforts, and at present there is a pretty fair prospect for its early completion to the Tennessee river. Whatever may have been the motives of the Register, its Railroad articles admitted of but one interpretation—to wit: that the writer of them was opposed to the enterprise. His disclaimers are of no weight while his articles stand on record—public opinion has been unanimous in assigning him the character of an enemy—and that opinion was made up by reading his articles, and not by what we said about them. And when the Register asserts, as it has done, that the light in which it is regarded by the public in reference to the Railroad is owing to our representations of its course, and in the same article says that we are such a notorious character and so well known that no one pays the least attention to what we say, it furnishes very good evidence that it is rather hard run, and would gladly escape if it only knew which way to turn. The announcement a few weeks since that a contract for the iron rails and equipments for the entire Road from Dalton to Blair's Ferry was being made, appears to have fallen upon the ears of the Register folks with the startling effect of a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky, and convinced them of the necessity of changing their course; and after some consultation, it was agreed to quit the Railroad for a while and take up a good deal less important subject—ourselves—with the hope, if they could silence our paper, of getting themselves right before the public.

Well, as we said before, we were glad of it, and in our reply we went farther than almost any other person would have done in assisting them to get right. But instead of appreciating the motive, our kindness and liberality appears to have thrown them off their balance entirely, to have wounded them grievously, excited their spleen to an alarming degree, and turned the natural milk and water of their dispositions to gall and wormwood. Now they ought not to have let that opportunity pass unimproved, as we cannot afford to be doing the clever thing all the time. We must bring them back to the rack, whether the provender suits them or not. If our memory serves us right, it is the Register's course in regard to the Railroad that has been and still is at issue—whether that paper has been an enemy or a friend to the enterprise—and not whether Mr. Swan, Mr. McKee or Sam. P. Ivins is the greatest man, the best editor, or the most intolerable humbugger. To be a great man requires some attributes which neither of us possess—to be a good editor depends upon a judicious exercise of the scissors, and firmness enough to reject all articles for which one would not willingly become personally responsible, and to be a great humbugger presumes a degree of glibness on the part of the public which we suspect never had its existence except in the minds of the gentlemen of the Register.—Nor is it in the least incident to the matter in hand, whether the editor of this sheet ever made a proposition to print a Democratic paper, or whether the Register's right bowler, agreed in '47 to vote for a Democrat for Supreme Judge in the event the Democrats of old Knox would assist in placing him in a position to give such a vote. (You had as well tread lightly over the ashes of the past, dear friends of ours, or you may succeed in waking up some very unpleasant reminiscences.) These things have nothing to do with the Register's course in regard to the Railroad, and we don't intend it shall escape in that way. It would be doing them too serious an injury to gratify them with a personal controversy—they haven't quite equanimity enough for a work of that sort—they are rather too irritable for men of their acknowledged nerve, and manifest most too much spleen when pressed to the wall, and display too much ill nature to suit the temper of the times.

We know the time has come when the Register is compelled to change its course in regard to the Road—that it must henceforth either remain silent, or come out and give it a sincere and earnest support.—Whenever it furnishes tangible evidence

that it has adopted the latter course, we shall announce the fact with great pleasure, for we would even now rather have it a friend than an enemy of the Road. Nor shall we attempt to cast any obstacles in the way of its return to a right course, if it will adopt a straight forward policy; but we cannot afford to let it relieve itself by continually asserting that we have wilfully misrepresented it, and that it has always been a friend to the Road. We know, also, that it will cut a sorry figure at first in the position which it must soon assume; but let it adopt the right course at once, and boldly and fearlessly pursue it, cease its fault-finding and unwise and uncalled for censures, and it may yet atone, at least to some extent, for the errors of the past. If it will do this, even we may be induced to assist it in relieving itself from the responsibility which its erratic course is bringing upon it.

In the mean time, while it is in the necessary state of transition, or rather, being born again, if it thinks there is any thing connected with our past life, either personal or political, that will afford entertainment to its readers, and it will inform us of the fact, we will take pleasure in furnishing it with full and correct data, as nothing gratifies us more than to be able to serve those gentlemen who seem to think that their position is such as to entitle them to the lasting gratitude and services of every one to whom they may have found it convenient or profitable to extend the common courtesies of life. We don't know exactly the amount of gratitude claimed by those friends whom the Register squints at, and it may be advisable, perhaps, to get a Clerk and Master in Chancery to take an account of the matter, and then we will know precisely how thick and fast to lay it on.

We have one little request to make of the Register before closing, which we hope it will comply with, for the sake of some of its friends, whom it has already injured quite enough; and that request is, that it preach no more patent sermons about friendship until it becomes capable of appreciating the true meaning of the term, and to bear in mind that those only are justly chargeable with the sin of ingratitude who wantonly attempt to inflict injuries upon the hand that has always proved itself ready to assist them in their aspirations for peace and power.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 20.

Important from Washington.—In the United States Senate, on Monday August 19, the Fugitive Slave Bill was under the consideration of the Senate. All motions to amend were rejected. The vote in every instance being—yeas eleven, nays twenty-eight.

In the United States House of Representatives, on the same day, a motion to take up the Utah, California, New-Mexico and Texas Boundary Bills was rejected; the vote being ninety-eight yeas to ninety-eight nays; a majority of two thirds in the affirmative being necessary for the success of such a motion.

Nothing will be done by the House relative to the great question now distracting the nation before the Appropriation Bills are passed, which will be most probably on Saturday next.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A Daughter Murdered by her Father.—An awful tragedy occurred at Philadelphia, Hancock county, Indiana, on the evening of Thursday, the 8th inst. The circumstances of the case are these: A man by the name of Thomas Kennedy has for years resided in Hancock county, who, with his family have been considered respectable members of society. A difficulty had existed between Kennedy and his wife for some time past. This difficulty had increased to such an extent that the authorities had been compelled to interfere in order to protect his wife from personal violence, and the whole family from ejectment. About a month since, Kennedy was brought before a justice, charged by his wife with threatening to kill her, and he was bound over in the sum of \$400 to keep the peace. On Thursday night Kennedy had been drinking freely, and, after making a great disturbance in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, repaired to his farm, situated a short distance from the town.

About midnight the neighborhood was alarmed by the discharge of fire arms and the cry of murder; and the terrible announcement was made that Kennedy had blown out his daughter's brains. Medical aid was of no use, for the brains of the young woman were blown completely out of the skull, and she ceased to exist. It is supposed Kennedy, in his madness, had assaulted his wife and family, and in doing so, destroyed the life of his best child. The unfortunate man is in good circumstances. He was arrested on Friday morning.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

Fifty years ago there were only two hundred Catholics in Glasgow; now there are seventy thousand.

THE MODERN CLERGY.

Sydney Smith, at the beginning of this century, described the current sermons of his own church as being chiefly characterized by decent debility. Mr. Whipple, the New England reviewer, appears to have a hardly more exalted opinion of the discourses of the clergy general at the present time, judging by some remarks in his vigorous and eloquent article on "South's Sermons." At the conclusion of that ably written paper, he comes down upon the "clerical jingles" of our day in the following truculent and daring fashion:—"It seems to us that theology is fast falling behind the other professions, in regard to the character and intelligence demanded in its professors.—Depth of comprehension, a large knowledge of the facts of history, and of the motives, a general force of being which never yields to moral or intellectual timidity, are not now insisted upon as necessary to the clergyman. The toleration awarded to feeble sermons is the sharpest of all silent satires on the decline of divinity. Forcible men, men possessing sufficient vigor and vitality to 'get along in the world,' rush almost universally into the other professions. Law and politics, in this country, draw into their vortex hundreds of scholars who ought to be preachers of God's word both to law and politics. If a youth of education does not evince enough understanding to sift evidence or tear away the defences of a sophism, if he lacks sufficient nerve to badger a witness or amputate a leg, his parents think him eminently calculated for that other profession, whose members are to scatter the reasonings of Hume and Diderot, to smite wickedness in high places, to lay bare the baseless of accredited sins, to brave with an unflinching front the opposition of the selfish and the strong, and to dare, if need be, all the powers of earth and hell in the cause of justice and truth. This, we need not say, is all wrong. If the powers of darkness and dominion are strong in all the strength of bad passions and sophistical vices, let them be opposed by men whose spirits are of the greatest size and divinest matter; by men who have the arm to smite and the brain to know; by men whose souls can thrill all those mazes of deceit through which sin eludes the chase of the weak in heart and the small in mind. Without force of character, there can be no force of conviction. Words never gush out with persuasive or awful power from a feeble heart."

YIELD OF WHEAT.—The Macomb (Michigan) Gazette lately stated that Ira Phillips, of Armada, in that county, raised from two acres of ground one hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat. That appeared to be a very large story to believe, sixty-two bushels to the acre, particularly when the fact is taken into consideration that forty bushels to the acre is considered pretty fair for the mellow soil of the Genesee Valley, when well cultivated. But the Mormons of Salt Lake or Utah, make still larger drafts upon our credulity. An account from thence says: "Seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre is the ordinary yield when sown broadcast, but one hundred and sixty bushels have been produced from a single bushel of seed, when planted in drill. Corn only grows tolerably well, in consequence of the nights being too cold. Potatoes are easily grown, and produce abundantly. All the smaller grains flourish. The usual time to begin agricultural work is about the first of April. In consequence of the proximity of mountains, which are always covered with snow, there is very little rain, and the lands are irrigated by means of canals at the base of the hills. All we can say to the above is, that we think that in Michigan and Utah they must have considerably larger sized acres than we have in this State.

A singular explosion occurred on the arrival of the six o'clock line from New York for Philadelphia, at Newark, New Jersey, on Tuesday morning last. A keg of yeast was put into the baggage crate, when it exploded with tremendous force, tearing off the top of the crate, throwing the keg at least fifty feet in the air. It landed at the feet of a bystander, having knocked one man down and completely covered him with froth, and scattered the contents on the passengers, giving them a ludicrous appearance. No lives lost!

AN INCIDENT.—Early this morning, at the Jail, a well dressed man presented himself and demanded to be taken into custody. He was asked what crime he had committed; when he replied, that he was the murderer of Dr. Parkman, and that Dr. Webster was innocent. The keepers refused him admittance upon such grounds. It was afterwards ascertained that the man belonged to South Boston, and was insane. He refused to give his name.—Boston Traveller, 16th inst.

The other evening a lady, who pretended to be fast asleep until her beau had well kissed her, woke up as if in the greatest amazement, and said, "I think you ought to be ashamed."

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Be of good cheer, friends of the Union! Give no heed to the auguries, "Sadder than owlsongs on the midnight blast," of those who prophesy defeat, in the People's House, of the measures which, in the true spirit of the Constitution and of an enlightened Patriotism, have already passed the Senate for the restoration to the country of Peace, Harmony, and Union! Whenever the wish is not father to such thoughts, unreasonable apprehension—fear, such as "soft betrays like treason"—unmanned the mind, unnerves the resolution which enable men to breast such a crisis as the present, and by courageous, generous, and united effort, to carry their country triumphantly through it.

Brief as is the interval since we had occasion to hail the passage of the fundamental act of adjustment of the knotty and vexatious Territorial controversy, it has yet been long enough to confirm the confident trust which we then expressed, that time would prove, beyond the doubt of any reasonable being, the devotion to the peace and harmony of this Union of the mass of the People, and the determination to suffer no schemes of disunion or of mere faction longer to disturb the one or the other.

In the hundreds of newspapers which have reached us since the passage of the Texas Boundary bill, carrying the California bill and the New Mexico Territorial bill in its train, two only in the South—one in this city and another in the city of Charleston—as far as we have observed, have denounced, ridiculed, or otherwise shown hostility to this benign measure; and in the North only one seems almost willing to hazard a conflict of arms between one or more States and the General Government, rather than to consent to the measure. To those who thus, from two extremes of sectional feeling, in mere hate of each other, seem disposed to unite to defeat this pacification, and, as a consequence, to possibly involve the country in a Civil War, we have no argument to offer: they are beyond the reach of it. We trust that we have not in the North or the South a single reader who coincides in their policy, or regards with any sentiment but horror their vindictive and sanguinary purposes. Not!

Let such as deem it glory to destroy Rush into blood, the sack of cities week, the Virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry!

For the Post.

BY JOHN F. POWER.

Well, Sally, darling, if you wish To know what 'tis to be Forsaken by the one we love, Just listen, child, to me, Whilst I, in easy rhyme relate The tale of grief to thee.

Imagine, if you please, an oak Whose giant form hath stood, A thousand years upon the plain— Huge monarch of the wood, Suppose the thunder's dreadful stroke To fall upon this great oak.

Will not the bloom then on his cheek As surely pass away, As if the withering hand of time Had smote him with decay? And will his shaven trunk not show, No time can heal the venal blow?

So stoutest hearts must wither, fade, And fall beneath the stroke That unrequited love conveys, As fates and fates the oak, No time can heal the wound that's made By disappointment's piercing blade.

WANT OF COURAGE.—Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass:

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, as before the Flood when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man wants, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defence of strict and sober calculations."

DEATH OF A FORGER.—Astonishing Discoveries.—The Madison Bank Robbery, &c.

—Among the victims of the cholera on Monday night last, was a convict in the Indian penitentiary, at Jeffersonville, named Root. The Louisville Courier, of the 16th, gives the following astounding disclosures made by him:

"He was sentenced to the penitentiary for six years, under a charge of having robbed the bank at Madison, Ia., of some \$25,000, and his sentence would have expired next month. Our readers will recollect that this robbery took place about seven years since, and created great excitement at the time, and suspicion was cast upon some men occupying high places.—The money was never found, and to this day, as has been ascertained by a memorandum kept by the bank, not a dollar of the stolen notes has ever been put in circulation."

"Root was a man of bad character, and as he was at Madison about the time of the robbery, he was pursued, arrested, and on trial was convicted of the crime, although nothing positive was proven against him, and notwithstanding he almost positively proved an alibi."

"On his death bed Monday night, he freely confessed to a number of forgeries and crimes, and implicated as being connected with him in his forger transactions a person who is at present a resident of this city, and who is now reputed to be worth his hundred thousand dollars! He, however, most earnestly and solemnly denied having ever had anything whatever to do with the Madison bank robbery, or of knowing any thing about it either directly or indirectly."

Juan Fernandez, the old residence of Alexander Selkirk, (Robinson Crusoe), as his man Friday, has been visited lately and his caves discovered. The island is thirteen miles long and four wide; its shores are a pile of barren rocks, some of them 2000 feet high, splintered and separated by earthquakes. Wild horses and goats, of excellent eating, abound. Fish is abundant and lobsters easily procured.—The soil is excellent for potatoes and corn; peaches and grapes thrive in every valley, and strawberries in their season. The island is resorted to for wood and water.—Juan F. is now the Botany Bay of Chili. A writer who was there March 11, says: "It affords a very indifferent harbor, and has only twelve inhabitants, five men and seven women, all Chilians, except one man, who said he was governor of the island, that his name was Worth, and that he was a native of Maine. He had lived on the island three years. There are five houses or huts made of poles, interwoven with straw, affording a good protection from the weather."

A romantic young lady fell the other day into the river, and was near drowning, but sooner being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she most dearly loved him who had saved her, "Impossible," said her papa. "What, is he already married?" "No." "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?" "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

Suspicion.—"Wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I suppose, my dear, the hens have picked them off," was her moderate reply. "Hens—hens—some two-legged hens I guess," said the husband with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

"The girls who remain torpid in their girlhood, cold as the reflection of a moon in a well," says a sharp writer, "are pretty sure to repay themselves for such ill-timed sobriety, by a glowing meridian ten years after date. I detest even virtues that are unnatural. I hate a matronly mien.—The cat should begin by being a kitten."

Some queer chap says that grain is treated like infants—when the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and generally it is well thrashed to make it fit for use.

The editor of the Detroit Advertiser, notifies Postmasters, that by the tenor of the census bill, Assistant Marshals have the privilege of franking all matter connected with the performance of their duties.

Some writer makes the following observation, which is full of the fine gold of true wisdom:—"Men slight the good they have, in the anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He who replenishes the cruise is inexhaustible."

It is stated that Mr. Fillmore has two brothers, who have some time past resided in Washtenaw county, Michigan, one a house carpenter, the other a blacksmith by trade.

A convict in the Ohio State Prison, made his escape over the walls in rather a singular manner, the other day. He crawled into a cannon, and got one of his companions to shoot him over the fence. He landed in the next county. Eight constables and a bed-cord in pursuit of him.

The man that killed himself by eating a pickled elephant is no better, and the doctors expect he will long remain so.

A school mistress advertised lately for an assistant accustomed to confinement.—She received an answer from the mother of twelve children.